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Title: A Gathering [2]

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"Well? What do you have to report?" I asked. "The one that you search has been sighted, master..." answered the voice of Verimos. "Truly? Then why do you come here empty handed?" I turned around and looked upon my enslaved daemon servant. "Forgive me... master... But this information comes from that of wild wolves... They speak much and are truly stupid creatures... But there is truth to their words... They have sighted the one that bears the mark of the spider as she makes her way from Vesper to Britain..." "Then go! Gather information, and make sure of this claim! The life force of that one is vital in the transformation of Dagger Isle!" I said. "Your bidding is my will, master..." and with that, he was gone.

I walked into the Necromantic Scholomance, and they all stood there, waiting upon me. A bit late, eh?" asked Drake. I gave him a long hateful stare but decided not to waste time in correcting him. I gave a signal to Laertides, and he opened a gate to the second level of Destard. The damnable dragons began an assault upon us

before the gate had even closed! "Follow me!" I screamed and began to run towards the lair of the Shadow Wyrm. As I entered I made myself invisible, as did the others. There we waited for its lesser guards to leave, so that we might not be bothered in slaying it. When we believed it safe to attack, we did so releasing massive spells upon it. And I was slain all too quickly. Although, I was not alone, as the beast killed Jergal as well. The rest scrambled around like confused pups, until Laertides opened a gate that led back to Caina. The living and dead fled through that gate, as the wrath of the Shadow Wyrm was something that we had never seen. I was restored, as was Jergal, after we all arrived back in Caina. "This was the only thing that we were able to get off of your corpse..." said Drake as he handed me the box that would contain the essence of the wyrm. I snatched it from his hands, and quickly retreated to the upper floor of the Scholomance. I sat among the library for hours, pondering how we might be able to gather this reagent. Perhaps I could persuade Nexus to lead a small amount of the Caina Militia to Destard? No, I thought. That would be inviting too many curious minds.... Something that I could not afford to do..... The ideas came and went... What seemed like a good idea, I would quickly discard. "Lord Artisem? Are ye busy?"

asked Jergal as he made his way up the stairs. "Perhaps.... What is it?" I said, mildly annoyed. "I would like to be given the task of gathering the essence of that wyrm..." I chuckled and asked "And why do you think you can? When you even fell alongside with me!" "I work better alone, mi'lord... I shall not fail... Give me one day, and I shall bring you the essence of that wyrm..." answered Jergal. Half entertained with this I replied "Very well... But know this... If ye fail, there will be none to restore your soul to this land..." With that, I tossed the soul box onto the ground and waved a dismissive hand. He picked it up and bowed. "Thank you mi'lord... I shall not fail..." And with that, he was gone. There, I waited. Hours upon hours, I sat waiting upon his arrival... Or word of his failure... If he meets with success, he will become a useful tool for the Skull. And if he would fail.... I laughed at the thought of what would become of his soul. Suddenly, the doors opened, and there stood Jergal. "Greetings," He said, and he gave a bow. I nodded in turn. "Well? I truly hope you have met with success... for your sake..." I said giving him a long glance. "Aye. I have brought you the essence of the shadow wyrm, as you have ordered." And with that he held aloft the tiny box. "Give it to me!" I screamed, and snatched it from his fingers. I

looked over the box, all  
too excited. It was true!  
He had met with success  
and the essence of that  
shadow wyrm was  
contained! "Outstanding!  
You have been excellent,  
aspirant!" I said. "I thank  
you for your words... It is  
my pleasure to serve the  
Order... However, I do  
hope I shall be rewarded  
for this..." Jergal said.  
"Yes... Yes... All in good  
time..." I said. I then  
waved my hand in a  
dismissive manner. Jergal  
bowed and left my  
presence. I wasted no  
time in returning to my  
tower, as now only one  
reagent eluded me... One  
final reagent.... Then it  
would come.... I sat in  
my private study, looking  
over all of the reagents  
for what seemed like  
days. It was then that  
Verimos returned. "I do  
so hope that you bear  
good news." "Aye, master.  
The one that you search  
for is named Lena Solis,  
and she is currently  
making her way to  
Rivendell, although she is  
currently staying within  
the capital of British's  
government," said the  
daemon. "I think the lass  
would do much better in  
going to Caina, don't you  
think?" I asked. He did  
not answer. "Go Verimos!  
Bring the one named  
Lena Solis to Caina! Kill  
any that get in your way,  
for this is of the  
utmost importance!" "Your  
bidding is my will...  
master..." said Verimos,  
and with that he  
returned to the shadows.  
A new age for Dagger  
Isle was at hand... A  
new age of unlife and  
despair... And I would be  
the first to greet it

with loving arms.....